A NEW ANSWER TO AN ARGUMENT AGAINST A Standing Army.

WOuld they who have Nine Years look'd Sow'r,
Againſt a French and Popiſh Pow'r,
Make Friends with both in half an Hour?
This is the Time.

Would they diſcreetly break that Sword,
By which their Freedom was reſtor'd,
And put their Truſt in *Lewis* Word?
This is the Time.

Would you turn Hero's into Pads,
And cruſh the Sp'rits of our brave Lads,
And make them look like *Bedlam* Mads?
This is the Time.

Would they leave *England* unprotected,
To ſhew how well they are affected,
And get themſelves next Bout Elected?
This is the Time.

Againſt the Souldiers Luſts and Gullets,
VVould they preſerve their VVives and Pullets,
And break our Guns to ſave our Bullets?
This is the Time.

Would they oblige a Winter-Sea,
Their prudent Orders to obey,
Or keep a ſtraying Wind in pay?
This is the Time.

Wou'd they but ſay what th'are purſuing,
Who th'are advancing, who undoing,
Which ſort of Men do threaten ruin?
This is the Time.

I pray then let 'em ſhew their Games,
Fix us to one of their Extreams;
A Common-wealth, or elſe *K. James*?
This is the Time.